

Kentucky Gazette.

"True to his charge—he comes, the Herald of a noisy world; News from all nations, lumbering at his back."

D. BRADFORD Editor.

LEXINGTON, THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1838.

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For the Kentucky Gazette.

MOUNTAIN, June 16, 1838.

DEAR SIR:—I have acquired some notoriety of late, and I feel it duty I owe to myself, and to others, to let them know who I am, and the ruling motive of my conduct. I am the Cracker. I cracked the mountain wave of the "billyard deep." I left to crack rock, and with rock, verses. There is certainly something very ridiculous in the idea of a rock-cracker turning poet. It might as naturally have been expected to see a wagon transformed into a steam boat, or an awakening of a sleeping giant in Kentucky on the other side of the Rocky mountains. Yet so it is, and who would have thought, in times gone by, and even within a few months ago, that the thing was possible. Yes—I have perpetrated the crime of poetry. I am afflicted with the poetical crackerism, and I shall never leave me. We are the children of circumstance—a regular breed poet would say, of fate (he is wrong). I have fancied to myself the idea, that if the celebrated McAdams had lived in Greece in the days of Homer, and had divulged his excellent system of road-making, it may have been probable that the Prince of Poets, might have been seen cracking on his pile instead of singing, to find Kentucky on the other side of the Rocky mountains. I have been through towns and villages, to obtain a livelihood, as is stated to have been the case.

The muse is, I am ashamed to say it, a libel—she is common property. We have seen her votaries from all the grades in society. Warriors and legislators, lords and commoners, ploughmen and shepherds, and of course, from the lady of the drawing room to milk-maids and wood-girls—it has been reserved to me to be the first devotee of the Cracking family—I rather pride myself a little on this circumstance. I consider myself a new genus of the Order of Poetice, of the class Harmonious; the founder of a new dynasty in the empire of Song. Whimsical conceits, and daring attempts may appear, I have dared it, and I go ahead. I think I bear some one exclamation, "What degradation! What debasement!" The Pantheon must have been ages—where were poured out the sublime effusions of the muse, to be now, in these "degenerate days," diminished and transformed into a pile of cracked rocks, where verses are cracked and hammered out as a blacksmith would a bar of iron, to be cut off into horseshoes and fire-irons; but ha! ha! Well—if such expressions were to be uttered, I have philosophy enough to laugh at his "windy parlance," and courage sufficient to dare him to introduce the subject of my pile. Certes, this is not the case. Here I am, in high estimation, for my devotion to the muse. Every living hiped in Mountsteeple is familiar with, and applauds me. Even the quadrupeds know me—the canine race in particular, as I pass in the street, pay me a chorus of applause—the cat, seated in the parlor window, gives me a staccato of approbation—my reputation is courted by all, for the intrinsic virtue of my verses. I write immortal charades, rebuses, acrostics, and billet-doux—the muse are sometimes rather unimportant, when I am busy, I can do them off—but the Ladies, the Lord bless them! they cannot be refused, I am their humble servant at all times, and on all occasions, they find me zealous in their service—there is scarcely a young Lady in Montgomery county that does not bear in her bosom, a sealed packet of lines of my composition—an amulet—a certain charm to secure the affections of her lover. My success in this line of business is so great, that I sometimes form the design of resigning my situation as poet-laureate of the pile, and commence practicing the sciences of Fortune telling and Astrology.—This will be going ahead in the right sense of the term. I will soon get as famous here in Kentucky for the concoction of verses, as my friend Old Pogo was in London some years ago.

There is, says the wise Solomon, a time for every thing—so there is a time to crack verses—then, sir, when you perceive me to dally, give him and I will retire. Whenever the steel on the radii of my hammer is exasperated, and when no sparks can be elicited from its stroke, then may my Muse be free to crack and come to my "poetical house." I trust not more effectively than before, yet with a better grace than in my late imitations—instead of being interested underneath my pile, I prefer being embalmied on its summit.

Most respectfully yours,

CRACKER.

THE LILIES OF THE VALE.

"Behold the lilies of the field, they toil not, they spin not, and yet I say unto you—Solomon in all his glory, was not like one of these."

EVANGELISTS.

Behold those Virgins sailing

On yon sweet verdant plain,

Not spinning they, nor toiling,

The bread of life to gain.

Their's a glorious station,

They know not care and ail;

The pride of earth's creation,

The lilies of the vale.

The monarch fond in story,

High on his golden throne

Wreath in his earthly glory

For man's instruction shown;

Yain—vain his pomp and splendor,

Their's ought did him avail;

More glorious in true grandeur,

The lilies of the vale.

Hail Woman! noblest—dearest—

All hail! a seraph sings,

The holiest—the fairest

Of Heaven created things.

Yet—happier in their duties,
They know not care and ail,
Nor toil, nor spin these beauties,
The lilies of the vale.

THE CRACKER.

For the Kentucky Gazette.

MR. BRADFORD—If you deem the following essay, from a young and inexperienced correspondent, worth it, you are at liberty to insert it, if not, lay it aside with your waste paper.

NOTHING.—WHAT IS NOTHING?

There is perhaps nothing in the present day so little understood, as the familiar word "Nothing," and though regarded by a large portion of the community, as trivial and unimportant, yet I hope, before I close this short essay, to prove satisfactorily, that it is not understood, and not rightly appreciated.

First, of the antiquity of nothing, there is perhaps nothing more false than the old proverb "Nothing can come out of Nothing"—for in fact, from nothing proceeds every thing. This truth, though objected to by the larger mass of the community, receives the acknowledgment of the wisest philosophers of the present day—the only point of difference between them, being whether something made all things out of nothing, or nothing out of something. Indeed, the wisest, both ancient and modern, seem to have arranged themselves on each side of the question; as their genius tended to the spiritual or material substance. Those of the spiritual species have inclined to the former, while those of the material have embraced the latter.

And whether nothing was the *matrices* only, it is plain, in either case it will have a right to claim to itself the origination of all things. And further, the great antiquity of nothing, is apparent from its being visible, in the accounts we have of the beginning of every nation, and is demonstrable from the first pages of all general histories.

Indeed, the study of this little word, is sufficiently important to engage the attention, and fill up the whole life of the antiquary. It always begins at the bottom of his inquiry, and is commonly at last, discovered by him with infinite labor and pains.

Secondly, of the nature of nothing, another falsehood presents itself, which is worthy of detection, that "no person can have an idea of Nothing." But even those who confidently deny us this idea, either grossly deceive themselves, or would impose a downright cheat on the world—for, so far from having none, I believe there are but few who have not some idea of it, though they may mistake them perhaps for those of something.—For instance, are there any, who have no idea of immaterial matter, or unsubstantial substance? If there are, the absurdity of affirming it to be something, would so shock them, that they would immediately reply, it was nothing.

To those who are willing to say, we have no definite idea of nothing, I shall show what nothing is—then disclose the various kinds of nothing, and lastly, prove its real dignity, and that it is the end of every thing.

It being extremely hard to define nothing, in positive terms, I shall choose the negative side of the question. Nothing then, is not something. But here I must object to a third error concerning it, that "it is no place," or "no where," an indirect way of depriving it of its existence, whereas it has full possession of the greatest and noblest place on this earth, viz:—the human brain. But this mistake has been ably and amply refuted, by distinguished men, who have spent their whole lives in the contemplation and pursuits of nothing, and have at last ably concluded—that there is nothing in this world.

Again, as nothing is not something, so every thing which is not something is nothing—and wherever something is not, there nothing is—a very large allowance in its favor. As all well skilled in human affairs must admit.

Although we cannot have an adequate knowledge of the essence of nothing, let us imitate the experimental philosopher in the examination of some of its properties or accidents. And here we see the infinite advantage nothing has over something—for while something is confined to one or two senses at most, nothing is the object of them all. That nothing is frequently the object of the five senses admits no doubt—that it may be heard is ably proven in the Argive mentioned by Horace:

—Faint loud, ignobilis Argis,
Qui se credidit uisum accebre Cerasodas,
In vacuo letosessor Phasorque Theatro.

That nothing may be tasted and smelled is not only known to persons of delicate palates and nostrils—for how often do we hear that such a thing tastes and smells of nothing.

Feeling, if any sense, seems more particularly the object of nothing, must possess a large share—nay, I have heard it positively asserted by several persons, that they can feel nothing but a cudgel! Nothing is as well the object of the passions as the senses.—Thus there are

many who love nothing—many who fear nothing—and some ignoramus who hate nothing.

Again—Nothing is as often the object of our understanding, as of our senses; for some acknowledge that knowledge, with the adjective *human* prefixed, is only another word for nothing—and one of the wisest men of the world declared that he knew—NOTHING.

Without exaggeration, this may be allowed, that it is at least possible for man to know—NOTHING.

Now, for the dignity of the subject on which I am treating—I am to show that nothing is the *exo* as well as *neg* source of all things. That every thing is resolvable into first principles, will be readily acknowledged by all philosophers—as therefore we have sufficiently proved that the world came from nothing—it follows, that it will, likewise, end in the same. But as I am writing to a nation of Christians, I have no need to be prolix on this head; since every one of my readers, by his faith, acknowledges that the world is to have an end, i. e. to come to nothing. And as nothing is the end of the world—so is it of every thing else in the world.

Ambition, the most powerful, heroic and Godlike of all passions will end in—NOTHING.

What did Alexander, Caesar, and all the rest of heroes who have plundered and massacred so many millions, obtain by all their care, labor, pain, fatigue and danger? Could they speak for themselves, they would loudly reiterate the sound of, —NOTHING.

J. H. C. B.

Vice-President's Mansion, June 12, 1838.

"Tipu Sultan" in the West Indies.

MR. CURTIS, who went out to St. Domingo with this extraordinary elephant, has returned to this city. He relates some interesting incidents connected with the elephant Tipu Sultan—which took place soon after their arrival at Port au Prince. This animal was imported into this country eighteen years since, and is believed to be the largest ever exhibited in the United States. He is about ten feet high, and weighs over 12,000 pounds. His tusks are four feet long. Since he was brought to this country he has travelled more than seventy-five thousand miles. His usual gait is about three miles per hour; but he can travel ten with ease, and has been known to walk sixty miles in 24 hours. While exhibited in the Zoological Institute, in the Bowerly and other places, he evinced a remarkable docile and affectionate disposition. His erratic character seems to have developed itself for the first time in December last, while at Port au Prince, which does not appear to be in accordance with the memorable example of fidelity and attachment which he exhibited towards his keeper, whose life he saved under circumstances of eminent peril. In December 1836, he was exhibited in the menagerie located in the Bowerly, on the site where the building of the Institute now stands. A tiger and tigress broke through the flooring of the cage, and breaking into the apartment, sprung upon a beautiful female, which with the elephant and a few small animals were permitted to go loose. It was soon killed, and devoured in a short time. The roaring and noise of the other animals was terrific—all their native wildness seemed to have returned. The keeper hearing the noise, and supposing that they were impatient for food, went into the room, where the first object that met his view was the tiger preying upon the female. He seized a stick to drive them into their cage; at this time the tiger left his victim, and was in the act of springing upon the keeper when he was arrested by the lion, near whose den he was crouching, and who held him fast in his claws. In the mean time our hero, Tipu Sultan hurried to his friend the keeper, wound his trunk round his waist and lifted him in the air, out of the reach of harm, and kept him there safely until assistance came and the brutes were secured.

But to return to the incidents that exhibit Tipu in a less favorable light. In December last, soon after his arrival at Port au Prince, he became quite wild and unmanageable, attempted several times to strike the keeper, and while the caravan was journeying to another part of the island, he fell upon a horse that was following on in the train, run his tusks through him and destroyed the poor animal on the spot. The keeper was knocked down, in attempting to rescue the horse, and would probably have shared the same fate, had not Curtis rode up and fired a ball through his trunk, which made the elephant fall back. The keeper took to his heels, and the elephant reared up and prepared to attack Curtis, but he succeeded in getting out of his way. At this time the eyes of the elephant seemed to project out of his head and amid the darkness of the night, to emit wild unearthly gleams of light, resembling balls of fire. He then rushed into the woods with great fury; tearing up every thing that came in his way,

stripping himself of his saddles, and the canvass covering. After the party had succeeded in getting him back into the road, he set out and chased one of the men, mounted on a fleet horse for four or five miles, the men behind following, in order not to lose sight, and if possible to seize him. Towards morning he broke into a plantation, and commenced the work of destruction. The planter, an old black man, heard the noise of the elephant, and supposing that cattle were making havoc with his crops, took his musket and went out for the purpose of driving them out. The first glimpse of old Tipu, never having seen so high a creature before, frightened him half out of his senses, and made him drop his gun and scamper for his domicile, with the elephant at his heels. He really thought Old Nick or his Satanic Majesty had made his appearance. During the day he made repeated attacks on his keeper and the company. He then took to the mountains, and was pursued in a circuitous route in his ascent about three miles, the party constantly firing upon him, till he at length came to a ledge of rocks, and was so cornered that he must either turn back and receive the fire of his pursuers, or tumble down an almost perpendicular precipice.

He, however, chose the latter alternative, and descended more than a mile, tearing trees and rocks, and every thing which impeded his progress. He ran into a small river at the bottom of the mountain, where he remained more than an hour, throwing water over his body.—Until then, he had been unmanageable, but his wrath was somewhat subdued by the cooling influence of the water. His keeper still fearing to approach, directed Tipu to lay down, which he did. He then went up to him and succeeded in hobbling him by fastening a chain about his legs. He continued wild and unmanageable for several days after this, but by spearing and severe discipline, he gradually yielded to the will of his keeper, and at length became so tame and docile that he would obey any of the party. Heretofore he never submitted to yield obedience to but one master.—Tipu Sultan is still on the Island of St. Domingo.—N. Y. Express.

From the Boston Statesman.

A LETTER FROM THE REV. JOHN LELAND.

We take great pleasure in presenting to our readers this morning, extracts from a letter written within a few days by the Rev. Mr. LELAND, of Cheshire, to the editor of this paper. Through a life of four score years, Mr. L. has been as upright and conscientious in his political conduct, as in his character as a teacher of divine truth. In the contest between Adams and Jefferson, he was one of Mr. Jefferson's most influential supporters, and after the election of the sage of Monticello to the Presidential Chair, he was made the organ of the farmers in Western Massachusetts, for presenting to the Chief Magistrate of the nation the famous "Cheshire Cheese." This evidence of the agricultural skill and wealth of the democratic yeomanry of New England, was received by the President with peculiar pleasure, and was considered by him the highest compliment he could enjoy. It is the yeomanry of the country who now sustain the present democratic administration—with them resides the pure spirit of democracy—they are the watchers of the sacred flame, and their vigilance will never allow it to be extinguished. But we are detaining our readers too long from the wisdom of experience which flows below:—

BANK AND PEOPLE.

"Nine hundred banks, containing three hundred millions stock, with nine hundred Presidents, nine hundred Cashiers, and nine hundred bank Lawyers, five thousand Directors, (all influential characters,) fifty thousand dealers on bank credit, a great portion of the members of Congress, and of the state legislatures, who hold stock in banks, fifty thousand insolvents (who want government to pay their debts) one hundred thousand office seekers, from the presidential chair down to the lowest clerkship, with a multitude who have itching propensities for new things. All these form a mighty host; banked on one wing with anti-masons, and on the other with abolitionists; with a rear guard of conservatives, and many scouting parties beside.

"Is it possible for the democracy of the United States to withstand this formidable army, who have already bid defiance and set the battle in array?"

Democracy is principally composed of the tillers of the ground, and the mechanics of the most necessary articles. This class, for the most part, are not seeking nor expecting promotions; their wish is to be protected by government in the enjoyment of their honest earnings; deducting therefrom what is necessary for the security of the remainder. Conventions, conventions, and even the necessary polls of elections, call them from their accustomed and chosen pursuits; if there is no imperative call, they choose to be in their occupations. A descrip-

tion of this class, forms no great splendor on paper—nothing for the pompous (who despise the dull pursuits of labor,) to admire! Their motto is "Equal Rights and no exclusive privileges." And their boast is that the two Presidents (Jefferson and Jackson) which they alone elected over all opposition, have purchased more land, paid more debts and obtained more indemnities, than all the rest of the Presidents. The first of these favorites drew the declaration of independence, and the last effected a victory and deliverance in the "Battle of New Orleans." These two events will never be forgotten while history exists. Should the Bank triumph over the People, in the coming contest, and forever hereafter sustain the pre eminence, yet the whole community will ever enjoy the advantages achieved by the two democratic Presidents, as long as independence, the great western valley of the Mississippi, and freedom from debt are advantages; although many may vilify the men by whom the rich advantages were gained.

"The love of power and wealth are strong propensities in human nature; and as money is the mean to obtain them, the love of it breaks over all bounds of restraint and becomes the root of all evil. For the last thirty years the pulpit has been ringing, and the presses trumpeting with more than usual sound, 'Money, more Money!' and no prospect appears for the previous question to be taken.—'Christian colleges must be erected and endowed; young men must acquire school divinity—the gospel must be sent to the heathen, who are perishing for lack of knowledge—the reformation will be commensurate to the money—every cent may save a soul, Money! more money! much more money must be collected by all devisable means of flattery and holy threatening, or the blood of heathen souls will fall on covetous Christians.' Here two questions arise. First—Hus the Almighty appointed money to supply the lack of miracles? Second—If money was all to be sunk or lost all its value, would not a great part of what is called religion die of the quick consumption?"

The old aphorism, "like people, like priests," is appropriate in the case now in view. If the priests are all alive to get money to build their temple of religious fame, the people will catch the disease and cry banks, more banks; great banks, durable banks, that we may get money to speculate with, and gain profits with out trouble.

The outcry, "hard times and little money," has been constantly sounding for eighty years in my hearing, with but small variation, and (excepting those who have been trading presumptuously on bank loans, in speculations that have been rather injurious to the nation,) it is hard to conceive any just grounds of complaint any have at this time. Hand labor and all productions of the earth, flocks and herds, taken in the aggregate, demand current and handsome prices. If the prices were higher the money would be proportionably of less value.

The banks have proved their power over the government, by suspending specie payments—they stopped the wheels of government, which cost a special session of congress to remove the blocks. The same may happen as often as the banks please, so long as the banks and government are united in marriage.—Some are for dissolving the Union, and thereby retain their rights, while others are shouting "O Bank, live forever! who is like unto this beast! who is able to make war with him!"

To have money sufficient for a medium of trade to facilitate all useful commerce, in which individuals may grow wealthy, and the public reap advantage, is desirable; but to have a circulating currency so abundant as to check useful industry in some, and assist others in gambling speculation (in which one cannot grow rich without others grow poor) is rather injurious to society at large; but moral reasoning, though ever so sound, is but feeble defence against a heated disposition.

Borrowing nothing from history, but confining myself to what I have seen, there has been (from the administration of Lord North, down to the present time) a raging war between the claims of aristocrats and the rights of man.

In the year 1774 the aristocrats contended for the doctrine that Kings were appointed by God; and to resist them would be resisting the ordinance of God, and bring on condemnation. The democrats held that natural right anteceded all institutions—that opposition to tyrants was obedience to God—Liberty or death! were their countersign. In 1787, the aristocrats labored to establish a government above the control of the people. The democrats sought for a government that recognized the sovereignty of the people—the rights of man, under equitable law—a government of expressed and defined powers. After the constitution was put in operation, the aristocrats exerted all their power to bind the administration into a monarchical channel; and by construction, made considerable progress; but the beginning of the present

century brought the Apostle of Liberty into the chair, whose elevation checked their designs, but did not change their wishes; for in 1815 they changed their ground of opposition, and exclaimed, "we are all one—now is the era of good feeling—drop all contention and let us build together?" These good words and fair speeches deceived the hearts of many who were simply honest, broke down the line of demarkation, and amalgamated the nation into a hotch-potch. During this apathy of twelve years, the aristocrats gained great strength, until the hero of New-Orleans was called from the Hermitage to preside over the nation, who boldly withstood them eight years. As the deposits were removed from the bank of the United States, and that bank could not obtain a renewal of charter, it has shown such haughtiness to the government, and towards other banks, that the power of such an institution ought to be shunned; and yet the bankruptcies of all, and the suspensions of payments in banks, is laid to the charge of Jackson!

During the revolutionary war, the declaration of the whigs was, "If we can save half our interest and gain our Independence, we shall be satisfied." But now the whigs of the new school say, "Give us money—give us the offices—give us the government and we shall be satisfied; otherwise we will cast all the blocks in the way that is in our power, to stop the wheels of government."

The love of money is common with all political parties; and if a majority of the people of the United States believe (although the Constitution gives no power) that a bank, incorporated by the general government, will pay the debts of insolvents—and speculative enterprise—foster manufactures and raise the prices of land labor and the productions of the earth, the administration of the government will fall into other hands. It is possible, however, that people will realize that it is not the abundance, but the intrinsic value of money that makes it profitable. The rage for useless speculation may die away, and the people may yet triumph over the bank; notwithstanding the present excitement. The nine hundred iron chariots of Sisera were discomfited before the patriotism of Barak.

From the declaration of independence into the present time, the desire has been that the people might enjoy freedom without hypocrisy—pure religion without hypocrisy—and wealth without haughtiness. And now, at the close of a very unprofitable life, my wish is ardent, that the States in Union, and severally in their sovereignty, may, by good customs, virtuous habits and wise counsels, shun the fatal gulph of LEGISLATIVE USURPATION OVER THE RIGHTS OF INDIVIDUALS.

JOHN LELAND."

Henry Atkinson, of North Carolina, has been appointed by the President, Governor; and William B. Conway, of Pennsylvania, Secretary of the new Territory of Iowa.

OUR VIRGIN QUEEN. All the rumors which have been put forth in reference to the probability of the Queen's marriage, may now be regarded as valueless. We have received the following information from the most authentic source: Her Majesty gave an audience to the Master of the Mint last week, that he might submit to her royal inspection and consideration the new coinage, which it had been proposed should be issued. Among other pieces, he showed her Majesty a gold one, and expatiated upon its beautiful design and execution. "What do you call it?" asked the Queen. "A double Sovereign, please your Majesty," was the reply. "While I live," exclaimed the Queen, "this country shall have no Sovereign but one—that is angle." Lord Melbourne soon afterwards entered, when the Queen repeated her observation, adding, with a winning smile for the Premier—"I have no idea of two heads."

—Cooing and billing
Like Mary and William on a shilling.
How long her Majesty's resolution will last we cannot, of course, undertake to say.—London paper.

VERY GOOD. The Editor of the Cincinnati News says, that the Editor of the Boston Times "has been married a long time, and has more children than you could shake a stick at," to which the Times Editor retorts, by saying, "We should like to see the man that dare to shake a stick at one of our children."

THE FARMERS. It does one's heart good to see a merry round-faced farmer. So independent, and yet so free from vanities and pride. So rich, and yet so industrious—so patient and persevering in his calling, and yet so kind, social and obliging. There are a thousand traits which light upon his noble character. He is hospitable—eat and drink with him, and he won't set a mark upon you, and sweat it out of you with a double compound interest, as some I have known will—you are welcome. He will do you a kindness without expecting a return by way of compensation—it is not so with every body. He is generally more honest and sincere—less disposed to deal in a low underhanded cunning, than many I could name. He gives to society its best support—is the firm pillar that supports the edifice of Government—he is the lord of nature. Look at him in his homespun and grey black—gentleman, laugh at him if you will—but believe me, he can laugh back at it please.

"I come straight from London," said a cracked little lady in answer to a question put to her. "Did you?" said a wag, "then you must have been confoundedly warped by the way."

Your friend,
A. ICHESON.
The above is sold by D. BRADFORD,
the Office of Kentucky Gazette, &c.
March 8, 1838.—10—tf.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN BOSTON! TREMBLING AMONG THE MEDICAL FACULTY!!!

WE learn that the distinguished Dr. Watson, 276 Washington street, and Dr. S. C. Hewitt, the celebrated Bone-setter, 297 Washington street, (two of the most skillful practitioners in Boston,) having witnessed the happy effects of Goodrich's Matchless Sanative in several cases which have come under their observation, have given the general Agent of this great and noble medicine, permission to refer to them through the public journals. It is with pleasure, we notice such acts of disinterested benevolence, and this noble generosity of Drs. H. and W. speaks their genuine philosophy.

We understand, Dr. Watson is of the opinion, that as the Sanative has created such a tremendous excitement among the Medical Faculty, it must be something extraordinary and far superior to the common nostrums of the day—and there cannot be a doubt, but when the virtues of this great specific shall be duly acknowledged by Physicians, their genuine philosophy will be the most valuable addition which has been made to the Materia Medica since the days of HIPPOCRATES.

We further learn that the general Agent of the Sanative has the liberty to refer his fellow citizens to Dr. Hewitt, for two very interesting cases which came under his observation. One of the cures we learn, was effected upon a young lady afflicted with "Lumbar Abscess"—and so serious was her complaint, that she was unable to submit to Dr. H.'s usual mode of treatment in such cases. He advised her to try the Sanative; she did so, and before taking one phial, was entirely cured and not a trace of her disease remained!! Another: A gentleman, aged 45, pronounced by all who knew him to be a "Confirmed Consumption," was wonderfully restored to health by the use of only one phial of the Sanative—and he is now well and about his daily business as usual!

We think the open and candid course pursued by Drs. Watson and Hewitt, richly entitled them to the lasting gratitude of the public—although they may have the whole phalanx of the Medical Faculty pouncing upon them. After reading the above, and the following extracts from letters addressed to Dr. Rowland, by his Agents, who can for a moment doubt the powers of the mighty Sanative?

Amherst, N. H., Jan. 1, 1838.

Dr. Rowland I sold a phial of the Matchless Sanative to a gentleman who was in a Consumptive Condition, pronounced PAST ANY RELIEF and confined to his room—he had settled his affairs and prepared to meet his fate. He has not taken a whole bottle, and says his health is perfect, that he is entirely well, and intends the cure to the Sanative and to nothing else. Many others who have taken it make similar statements.

Yours respectfully, &c.
THOS. M. BENDER.

Orlando Post Office, Maine, March 20, 1838.

Dear Sir—The Matchless Sanative has had a wonderful effect in several cases in this town. I sold a phial to a man who had been sick with Consumptive and Rheumatic complaints for 4 or 5 years, and who was unable to dress himself when he commenced taking it. He has recently sent me word that he felt quite well, could dress himself without any trouble, and thinks he shall wholly recover.

Yours, in haste,
R. TRUSSEL, P. M.

Rush P. Office, Monroe Co. N. Y., March 11, 1838.

Dear Sir—In 48 hours after I received the package of Sanative, I sold all of it—and have come to the conclusion that it must be all that is recommended to be. It is sufficient to say, that the benefit derived from such use of it, has convinced the most prejudiced of its utility. The enclosed money you will pass to my account, and I wish you to send me more of the Sanative as soon as convenient.

Respectfully, &c.
JOHN E. CROSBY, P. M.

Haverhill, Mass. March 26, 1838.

Dear Sir—Numerous cases have come to my knowledge in which the Sanative has proved very beneficial—and one case in particular, in which it performed a wonder. I can procure you a good certificate from the patient if you wish. Please credit me with the enclosed money, and forward me more of the Sanative by the bearer.

Yours truly,
THOS. G. FARNSWORTH.

Cornwall Post Office, Vt. April 6, 1838.

Dear Sir—The Matchless Sanative is very highly esteemed in this quarter, and is getting into general use.

Respectfully, &c.
SAMUEL EVERTS, P. M.

Westfield P. Office, N. Y. Feb. 16, 1838.

Dear Sir—Several pressing cases demand the Sanative at whatever expense it can be sent to me. It has effected some astonishing cures already, and I cannot wait for the package you say is on the way. I wish you would send me half a dozen phials by mail, and I will send the extra price of postage on the Sanative. Don't fail to send by the mail, as it will come by weight at \$1 per ounce as postage, and I shall expect it in 13 days from date.

Yours, &c.
ORRIS NICHOLS, P. M.

Hartford, Ct. April 12, 1838.

Dear Sir—My daughter, who had a distressing cough, raised a great deal of matter, and who was afflicted with palpitation of the heart, has taken a phial of the Sanative and is now WELL. Others also bear testimony to its good effects.

Yours respectfully,
C. R. COMSTOCK.

Plymouth, Mass. Feb. 6, 1838.

Dear Sir—I have abundance of matter told you concerning the Sanative, where it has performed cures when those who have bought it, had scarcely any faith in its efficacy. We have one person now able to attend to her domestic concerns, who was at the time she commenced taking it, confined to her chamber and prostrate on her bed. I will tell you more when I see you. Respectfully, &c.
ISAAC B. RICH.

Beaver Post Office, Pa. March 1, 1838.

Dear Sir—Since I last wrote you, I have seen several persons who have been using the Sanative, and in every case it has proved itself, worthy the name it bears. A young man, Robert McElroy had been waiting away in a state of consumption for the last two years—and by using this medicine about six weeks, his cough, pains, &c. left him entirely, and he is now so well as to be about his ordinary business.

From Timothy George, Esq., Orrington, Me.

"My wife has been considered of a consumptive habit for two years, attended with a severe cough, but has always or generally attended to her domestic concerns until the forepart of last winter, when she had a sudden and severe attack of pnu in her side, and distressed for breath. I immediately called upon one of our best Physicians, who attended carefully upon her, and I was satisfied with his treatment of her case, though her distress was partially relieved, there was no hope of her recovery, her Doctor told her that she had the consumption, and that her LEFT LUNG WAS PARTIALLY CONSUMED, and seemed to despair of her recovery, as well as myself, we calculated she could not continue but a short time, he left her nothing but sleeping powder to command her rest, when providentially I fell in with those Sanative Drops, and though she was altogether faithless the first drop she took gave her some relief, she continued taking them exactly according to the directions, her appetite was soon restored to a child's appetite, and she continued gradually to recover so that I do not know but her health is now as good as it has been since we married, say ten years.

N. B. She took about one and one half bottles when she called herself well.

TIMOTHY GEORGE.

Orrington, Maine, April 30, 1838."

From the Vermont Phoenix.

HEAR YE!

THE MATCHLESS SANATIVE (sold by DUTTON, CLARKE & Co., Agents for Brattleboro, Vt.) has effected many cures of diseases so obstinate as to resist the skill of Physicians and the power of other remedies. The following are a few of the Testimonials of the efficacy of this medicine, which they now cheerfully lay before the public. Many more individuals can be referred to by them as having been greatly benefited by using the Sanative.

(Certificate from Thomas Crosby, of Brattleboro.)

This certifies that my daughter has for a long time been in a decline, and has tried many medicines without effect. She has made use of the Matchless Sanative, which has greatly relieved her. It restored her appetite and sleep, which she had not before enjoyed for a long time. I would certainly recommend it to all suffering with consumptive complaints.

THOMAS CROSBY.

Brattleboro, March 3, 1838.

(Certificate from Henry Clark, Esq., of Brattleboro.)

This certifies that I had suffered for many months from an obstinate cough which resisted a great variety of medicines, until I used a bottle of the Matchless Sanative, which removed it entirely in the course of two or three weeks and restored me to excellent health.

HENRY CLARK.

Brattleboro, March 12th, 1838.

(Certificate from Saml. Cutting, Esq., of Guilford, Vt.)

I, Samuel Cutting, of Guilford, Vt., would certify that I have suffered for more than two years past from a severe lung complaint, attended with severe pain in my side and back, and with general debility. I have used great variety of medicines from various Physicians in this vicinity, and received advice from the most eminent Physicians of Boston, without the least benefit. I am now using the last bottle of the Matchless Sanative, which has greatly relieved me. The pain in my side is comparatively well, and my strength has gained very much. I feel confident that the Sanative alone has afforded me the relief, and I would cheerfully recommend it to all who are suffering with lung complaints, and advise them to try the medicine without delay.

SAMUEL CUTTING.

Guilford, March 19, 1838.

The above Medicine is for sale by D. S. ROWLAND, General Agent, 188 Washington street, Boston, where numerous letters testifying to the good effects of the Medicine may be seen. Also, sold by most of the Postmasters in America, and at Lexington, Ky., by DANIEL BRADFORD, Agent. Price, three and one third dollars (\$3 50) per half ounce.

May 24, 1838.—21-1/2

Tomato Medicine;

A SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Sold by Geo. W. Norton, Lexington, Ky.

Dr. Robert Pater, " "

Daniel Bradford, " "

Grant & Wilson, " "

Welch & Lamm, Cynthia " "

J. D. Thomas, Leesburgh, " "

A. M. Barnes, Mt. Sterling " "

David A. Russell, Danville, " "

T. S. Barkley & Co. Paris, " "

Applications for Agencies in Kentucky, Tennessee, Western part of North Carolina and Virginia, may be made to

WM. C. BELL, GENL. AGENT.

Lexington, June 7, 1838.—23-1/2

TO SHOEMAKERS.

200 SIDES first quality Spanish SOAL

LEATHER.

25 doz. Philadelphia CALSKINS.

1500 lbs. SHOE THREAD—assorted.

25 doz. fair LINING SKINS.

The above goods were selected with great care, and are warranted equal if not superior to any stock in the city, and will be sold low by

MONTMOLIN & CORNWALL.

Lexington, June 7, 1838.—23-1/2

A Runaway Loafer.

A FELLOW by the name of JOHN T.

FELL, runaway from this place on Tues-

day morning last, in debt to this Office Three

Dollars and Fifty Cents for printing bills for a

benefit given him by the Theatrical Company

of Dayton, for whom he had occasionally sung

a few comic songs. He is also indebted to the

Exchange Hotel for his own, and the board of

two cronies for whom he had become responsible;

besides various other debts. Said FELL is a

tailor by trade, limps very much, one leg is

much shorter than the other, is about 5 feet

6 inches high, and has a deal of brass. His only

occupation is travelling through the country

singing songs, defrauding punters and others.—

He is now in Cincinnati, and we caution our

brethren of the press there, and every other

place he may visit, to be on their guard, lest he

should defraud them, which he will certainly

GOOD INTENT MAIL LINE

FROM LEXINGTON TO
MATSVILLE.

THE ABOVE LINE, will leave Lexington

in future, at 5 o'clock, A. M. for Mays-

ville.

PASSENGERS will please apply the evening

before at the GENERAL OPPOSITION

STAGE OFFICE, opposite the Rail

Road Office.

H. MCCONATHY, Agent.

Lex., May 17, 1838.—20-1/2

REMOVAL OF

CABINET WAREHOUSE.

THE Subscriber has removed his CABINET

WAREHOUSE from James's Row, oppo-

site the Court-House. His stock is small at

present, but he is enlarging it as fast as it suits

his convenience; and it would not be a dis-

agreeable task to furnish the houses of a few

good customers; and it might be to the advan-

tage of those that want Furniture to call and

see him, as he intends selling cheap.

THOMAS E. DIMICK.

March 15, 1838.—11-1/2

KENTUCKY STEAM

HAT FACTORY,

No. 38, West Main street,

Corner of Main-Cross street,

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

WILLIAM F. TOD,

[SUCCESSOR TO BAIN & TON.]

HAS now in successful operation his mode-

lified facilities in the application of

Steam and Machinery to the Manufacturing of

Hats, which he hopes will enable him at all

times to supply his customers and all who may

desire to purchase either at

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL;

with every variety of

Fur and Silk Hats.

He particularly invites the attention of those

wholesale purchasers who have heretofore been

in the habit of buying Eastward, believing that

on an examination of his stock, they will find

inducements to purchase here in preference to

any other market.

Particular attention paid to making Custom-

ers' work.

He has also in operation a FORMING

MACHINE, by which he will be enabled at

all times to furnish the Trade with Felt—by

furnishing the wool or not—as best suits their

convenience.

Summer Fashions just

Received, &c.

Lexington, June, 1838.—23-1/2

NEW GOODS.

HUEY & JONES,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

Corner Main and Limestone streets

HAVE just received, from New York and

Philadelphia, a LARGE and SPLEN-

DID ASSORTMENT OF

GOODS;

SUITABLE FOR GENTLEMEN'S

WEAR;

All of which they will sell on accommodating

terms.

April 19, 1838.—16-1/2

ROSIN THE BOW:

A Splendid Maltese Jack, 11 hand high,

WILL stand the present season at West-

brook, the Stock Farm of THOMAS

SMITH, one mile west of the City of Lexing-

ton. Jennets Twenty-five Dollars, Mares

Eight Dollars, payable at the expiration of the

season, July, 15.

PETER BROOKS,

AN ALDERNEY BULL, (MILK BREED,

WILL be let to Cows at the same Farm,

at Ten Dollars a Cow. The produce of

Peter Brooks can be seen at the farm.

J. CHRISTOPHER,

Agent for Thos. Smith

March 1, 1838.—9-1/2

PEDIGREE OF THE BULL.

"Peter Brooks, Liver and White Cows,

NOTICE

THE Partnership heretofore existing be-
tween the undersigned, under the name
of John Carty, Jr. & Co. was this day dissolved
by mutual consent; all persons indebted to us
by note or account, are earnestly requested to
call at the old stand and liquidate them immedi-
ately as further indulgence cannot be given.
Persons having claims against us will please
present them for settlement.

JOHN CARTY, Jr.

J. McCAULEY.

THE Undersigned having this day purchas-

ed of John Carty, Jr. & Co. their entire

Stock of

GROCERIES,

Will continue the Grocery Business at the old

stand, where I will be happy to furnish my

friends as usual, with GOOD BARGAINS,

should they be pleased to give me a call, and at

the same time very thankful for past favors.

J. McCAULEY.

Nov. 18, 1836.—47-1/2

UPHOLSTERING!

Furniture and Chairs.

IN addition to my large and splendid Stock

of FURNITURE and CHAIRS, I have en-

gaged the services of an Upholsterer from Lon-

don, who is capable of doing every description of

UPHOLSTERING

on the most modern and approved style. Such

as Drapery, Curtains, Cutting and laying down

Carpets, Paper Hanging, Trimming Pews, &c.

MATRASSES of every description kept on

hand and made to order at my Furniture Es-

tablishment, Limestone street, second door a-

bove the Jail, where any person wanting any

description of Upholstering done, can see draw-

ings and designs, from which they can select

any style they wish and it will be attended to

promptly, and done in a style inferior to none

in the United States.

JAMES MARCH.

Lexington, Nov. 10, 1837. 48-1/2

CANDY'S TAVERN.

(LATE McCRACKEN'S)

Corner of Church and Upper-Streets.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs

the public generally, that he has

taken the above Stand, and hopes by attention

to business, to receive a liberal share of public

patronage.

HIS BAR IS WELL FURNISHED,

TABLE GOOD,

Bed Rooms Comfortable,